

he has a feel for her automobile

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he has a feel for her automobile

by Anonymous

Summary

Nobody in the Hotel knew that Alastor the Radio Demon was a fan of cars.

What they also didn't realize is how much he loves them.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Hazbin Hotel was a brand new place to Alastor the Radio Demon. Nifty was there, and even as good and wonderful as she was, was still all so unfamiliar. He loved her to some degree, loved this new Nifty that was free to and from his affection, and didn't attack when you got too close to her. But sometimes Alastor felt untethered even when he laid next to her in bed on the very rare occasion when they shared one. The truth of the matter was that Nifty wasn't his only love, and that there were many others.

The one and only thing in the whole Hotel he truly felt comfortable around was the TigerMoth2. Vaggie's car; a vehicle owned by a demon who he doesn't exactly get along with. 'Thing' was a generous term. Alastor knew Tiger was more than a *thing*, more than a mere car. She was **smart**, *agile*, **funny**, even. Her moth-like chirps displayed a personality, independent thinking. She was a legend, and she, when he was inside of her, was a partner.

But Vaggie wouldn't fucking allow him anywhere near the TigerMoth2.

He'd lamented about this to Nifty one night, sprawled across his lap like a dying Victorian man who contracted some stupid disease originating by the various Whores of Yore, as Nifty ran his hands through Alastor's hair.

"Vaggie's keeping us apart! It's not as if she *owns* her, she can't be *owned*! How hard would it be to let me take her for a spin, hm? Or at least *sit* behind the *wheel*?"

Nifty chuckled because it was the only thing she could uncomfortably make her body do in the moment. "You talk about that car like you're in love with it."

Alastor thought about that over the next few days. He wasn't *in love* with the TigerMoth2, that was ridiculous. He just admired her for her *abilities*, her *speed*, her mysterious hellish tech that he couldn't quite understand, her deep orange color, her legendary status, the smooth material of her seats...

Anyways. It wasn't love that made his heart race a little when Vaggie told Alastor to take the TigerMoth2 out for a supply run. Because that would be ridiculous. It was obviously something else that any regular demon would become beyond baffled to find out about. Then again, would they? I mean, this is Hell after all.

Alastor wasn't sure what anyone else's jobs were for today, seeing as he had zoned out during their last staff meeting, but he knew that they had far more important responsibilities than he did.

He'd tried to not seem too eager to leave for the garage, kissing Nifty swiftly on the cheek in a best-friend way, and bidding the rest of the crew a platonic farewell. He casually walked towards where the TigerMoth3 was stored. Once he was out of sight, he broke into a jog.

The door to the garage opened with little to no fanfare, but Alastor swore he heard a choir of angels singing when he laid eyes upon the TigerMoth3. She'd just been waxed the other day, and her orange paint gleamed in the light. He licked his lips and walked slowly towards her, running the pads of his fingers across the roof.

"Hello, honey. Long time, no see. I'll be taking *you* for a drive today. Are you *just* as excited as I am?" The TigerMoth3's lights flashed, and she made a delighted chirping sound. He grinned, the sharp points of his canines poking out from behind his lips.

"Excellent. Then let's go before Vaggie changes her mind, hm?" He opened the driver's side door and slid inside the car, settling into the soft, smooth faux-leather seats with a hum. Alastor twirled the keyring a few times around his finger before inserting it into the ignition. The engine roared to life, and he sped out of the garage like a bat out of hell.

They drove together down the sprawling road towards the fourth-level-of-hell area. Alastor couldn't stop smiling- he'd never felt more *free*. He moved his hand to roll down the window, but Tiger was one step ahead of him, and the window quickly rolled down all the way. The wind whipped through his deer hair, completing the fantasy. His arm hung out the open window and he relaxed in his seat, caressing a thumb over the steering wheel in a silent thank you. The quiet whirring told Alastor that she had gotten the message.

They made it downtown far too quickly for Alastor's taste. He found a secluded area far from any prying eyes or hands, a parking garage that looked like it had been abandoned years before. He parked her behind a fallen cement pillar made of what looked like bones ,then took the keys out of the ignition and pocketed them.

“I’ll be quick,” Alastor promised, kissing his fingers and then pressing them to the dashboard. Tiger made a sad beeping noise, and he smiled fondly as he got out. “*Oh, don’t fret, now.*” He shut the door, but then tilted his head at her, his voice dropping to a lower volume as he ran a hand down the hood. “Listen, be a good girl and stay right here, and when I get back, we can go for the ride of our lives. How does that sound?”

She didn’t seem to react at all to that, but Alastor knew she had heard him. She was simply pouting. He laughed lightly, and stood up straight.

“I’ll be back soon. ***Promise.***”

And he *was* back soon. It was probably the sloppiest shopping trip he’d ever been on. He threw items haphazardly into his carts and didn’t even bother to use the coupons he’d clipped in preparation for the trip. He wanted to be behind that wheel as soon as possible, wanted to feel the rush of adrenaline as he sped down the highway. Alastor threw random amounts of money at cashiers and speed walked from store to store, trying to get through the long, long list as fast as possible.

Alastor was walking back to the parking garage maybe an hour later, arms laden with bags and nearly dropping the contents of them in his rush. He felt a rush of relief when he saw the spoiler of the TigerMoth3 peeking out from behind the pillar.

“Hello, darling,” he called out when he was maybe 10 feet away. Her lights flashed on and off and he grinned. “Would you mind popping the trunk for me?” She obeyed, quick as anything, the trunk opening and allowing Alastor to dump the bags inside of her. He was perhaps less careful with them than he should be, but he couldn’t bring himself to give a damn when the thrill of the smoothest, fastest ride he would ever have was at his fingertips.

He slid back into the driver’s seat, sighing as he caressed the wheel. Tiger chirped excitedly, and when he put the keys in the ignition, the entire car thrummed around him.

“Now, dear,” he started, leaning back in his seat. “I’ll let you take the metaphorical wheel on this one. We can go wherever you like. Big open plain? Long road? Busy street? It’s up to you.” The TigerMoth2 was quiet for a long minute. Alastor wasn’t concerned though, he simply waited for her to make up her mind. It was a **big** decision for a car that had been controlled by others most of her existence, he understood *that*.

Suddenly, the keys fell out of the ignition and onto the floor beside his feet. Alastor frowned, leaning down to pick them up.

“I think you dropped something,” he said, and then Tiger warbled, something questioning and shy. His brow furrowed.

“Do you... want to stay here? Parked?” She made two beeping sounds, a confirmation. Alastor shook his head, running a comforting hand over the dashboard. “Whatever for, Tiger? What could you possibly want to do with me, *alone*, in a parking garage?”

And then the TigerMoth2... *wolf-whistled*?

Alastor stopped cold in his tracks. No, that was... she couldn’t possibly mean *that*, could she? Did cars even *feel* sexual attraction? Besides, how would he even *begin* to do something like this with a *car*?

As soon as he had the thought, several ideas popped into his mind. Positions, ways to use the vast expanse of Tiger’s technology, and he felt a rush of heat between his legs. His head spun a little.

No! No. He wasn’t going to do illicit things with a *car*. Vaggie would kill him, after all. And... and...

As he struggled for more reasons that he shouldn’t satisfy his growing craving, the TigerMoth2’s engine revved softly underneath him, almost like a purr. He drew in a shaking breath, and traced a finger around the rim of the cupholder.

“What did you... have in mind?” he asked hesitantly, not sure what kind of answer he would get, but awaiting it eagerly nonetheless.

There was a moment of silence, of anticipation that hung in the air, heavy enough to make it hard to breathe. And then, quick as a whip, the seat belt that Alastor usually forgoed swung across his body and clicked into place. The belt tightened, pinning his arms against the back of the seat. He tried to shift in his seat, eyes growing wide, but he was not budging and Tiger was not letting him go. His heart beat frantically within him, and for a wild moment he was convinced that Tiger was trying to actually kill him.

And then, *oh*. The seat started vibrating underneath him.

Alastor gasped. The vibrations were **strong**, more **powerful** than the most valued toys on the market, and they ran through his thighs down to his feet, up to his chest. His hips tilted, acting without thinking, trying to grind into the seat.

“*Tiger*,” he said, his voice strained. “Oh, that’s- *oh-*” He found the right angle so that he could rub his cock against the buzzing leather, and threw his head back in bliss. The vibrations overpowered every other sense, every other thought. His entire body trembled with it.

The TigerMoth3 whistled, the sound upturned into a question at the end. *Is this okay?* she seemed to ask.

“Yes,” he said with no hesitation. “God, *yes*.” Alastor spread his legs and tried to get as much contact between himself and the seat as he could with his pants still in the way, straining against the seat belt that only seemed to grow tighter against him. He grinded against Tiger, finding a rhythm. There was something illicit and dirty about letting a car dominate him, in a semi-public place, no less, and it only made Nureyev more wet than he already was.

The vibrations were fast, overwhelming, and they made Alastor almost dizzy. But then, suddenly, the pace changed. Instead of a relentless buzzing, the vibrations started pulsing. It was a maddening pattern; the vibrations too short, the pauses in between too long. She was *teasing* him.

“*Tiger*,” Alastor whined during one of the pauses. It couldn’t have been longer than a few moments, but it felt like years. “You’re going to kill me, my dear.” She made a smug little whistling noise, one that told Alastor that that was her goal. And before he could even begin

to respond to that, the vibrations started again and he was twitching and moaning where he was trapped in his seat. It was embarrassing how quickly he became close. His release was *just* there after only a few minutes.

He dug his nails into the armrests of the seat, and let out a cry from deep inside his chest. “*Tiger, I’m close, I’m-*” And then, the vibrations stopped. He let out a ragged gasp, throwing his head back as his body thrashed, desperate for friction but finding none.

“You’re too smart for your own good,” he whispered, spreading his trembling legs and twitching where he sat. The car made a sound that almost resembled a laugh, a collection of beeps and chirps that were almost endearing had she not been denying him his finish. Then, there was silence. No noises, no vibrations, nothing. Just Alastor trying to catch his breath, which was pretty hard to do considering the seatbelt was digging into his chest.

“That’s it, then? You’re just going to leave me here, wanting?” Alastor said, looking around the car as if there was some part of the machinery or the upholstery that held the answer to his question. As he suspected, she didn’t answer him.

“Or...” He sighed, letting his head fall back and hit the headrest. “Or are you going to make me beg? Is that what this is?” The silence was answer enough. He swallowed, hard, and closed his eyes, trying to decide if he had enough dignity to refuse to beg, to end this. But he didn’t want to end this, not really. As weird as it felt to admit it, he *wanted* her. Every inch of her, all of her metal and wires and chrome. The slick that soaked through his underwear was nothing if evidence of that.

“Come on,” Alastor said, trying to lean forward but being snapped back against the seat. “*Tiger, please. Can you continue? Please?*” Nothing. He huffed, twisting a little in his bonds. “Usually, I’m the one that makes *other* people beg, I’m not all that accustomed to being the one begging.” He listened for any indication that she was listening to him. There was none.

“*Tiger, come now, you can’t expect me to-*” Without any warning, the vibrations started again, mid-sentence. He gasped, the sound torn out of his throat violently. “*OH!*” he said, no, *yelled*, his hips grinding down once more against the seat, bliss overtaking him for one sweet, glorious moment before-

The vibrations stopped again. Alastor let out a sob, pulling against his restraints until they left red, angry marks on his skin.

“Oh, God, Tiger, please, *please*, let me come,” Alastor whimpered, his former resolve somehow nowhere to be found. “I’ll- I’ll be good for you, I will, I’ll- *hngh-* I’ll give you an oil change when we return, the best oil change you’ve ever had, my darling, please let me come-”

The vibrations started again. This time, they were slow, steady, almost weak. But they were there, so Alastor let out a keening moan and thanked her, his words coming in a slurred mess. He rolled his hips against his seat once more, setting a rhythm that made his knees tremble and his chest stutter and stop as he tried to breathe normally.

Alastor let his head fall forward, his hair coming out of his hairstyle and cascading into his face. If he had been any more coherent or any less tied up, he would’ve moved it out of his eyes. But at that moment, he didn’t care what he looked like. In fact, he almost preferred it this way. He knew he looked like a wreck.

His cock twitched with each thrust, his face flushed and hot. His mouth hung open, letting out occasional moans and whimpers when he would rub against Tiger *just right*. It was maddening, but it wasn’t enough.

“Tiger, darling, love,” he gasped. “I need more. Can you give me more? Please?” Tiger made a low whistling noise, then she did the most marvelous thing. The TigerMoth3 revved her engines. It made the entire car shake with the force of it. His mouth went dry at the sensation of it against his cock, somehow more powerful than just the vibrations.

“ Yes, yes, yes, more of that, please, Tiger, please-” Alastor pleaded, the words falling unbidden from his lips. “You’re so good, that’s so good, more, *more!*” Tiger whistled at him once more before revving the engine again, and then *not stopping*. The tires squealed a little underneath Alastor, but he couldn’t care less about the state of the tires when he felt *this good*. It went from being not enough to too much all at once, and then Alastor was coming, hard, crying out and spasming as pleasure rolled over him in waves, wiping every thought from his head.

“Tiger! Oh- oh- fuck-” His cries were shamelessly louder than the engine was. Each breath he took came out in a little half-whine as he shook from head-to-toe. Alastor's mind was spinning with pleasure, so much that he felt dizzy. “Oh, oh, *ah, Tiger...*”

His mouth hung open as he panted, trying to recover from the force of his orgasm. He could feel his slick soaking all the way through to his pants now, making everything sticky and wet. Tiger kept revving her engines throughout his release, but-

“That's enough, darling, I already- I- *ah- AH-*”

But she wasn't stopping. She kept going, the speed of the vibrations growing steadily faster and more intense. Maybe this *was* a convoluted plot to murder him, Alastor thought. It bordered on painful, his body overstimulated and twitching as he tried to regain a semblance of control over himself. But he couldn't bring himself to stop her, or say no, because the pleasure was far more prominent than the pain. He approached his release even quicker this time, his body tense and wound up so tight he thought he might snap in half.

Alastor arched his back against the seatbelts that restrained him as he came *again*, clawing at the armrests as tears pricked behind his eyes and then rolled down his cheeks. He sobbed openly, pleasure wracking his frame and making him quake dangerously.

“Oh, my god,” he gasped. “You can't keep going, I need to recover, I need to-” Before he could continue, the vibrations switched off. And then the seatbelt released him, snaking back behind the seat once more. He was free.

Alastor rubbed at the spots on his skin where the belts had dug especially hard into him. “You-... I didn't know you felt that way,” he said, still trying to breathe normally. The TigerMoth2 whistled flirtatiously at him, and Alastor let out a huff of laughter.

“Yes, I suppose I'm just *that* devastatingly handsome,” Alastor teased, running a hand over the steering wheel once more. “Oh, I did miss touching you, though. You have such lovely texture, all over. You're a marvel of technology, so pretty and so talented, all of that power just underneath my fingertips.” The car shook a little around Alastor, and he smirked.

His voice got low as he leaned forward, fingers dancing around the wheel, his other hand idly twisting different knobs and such on the dash. “Oh, do you like that?” he asked. “Do you like me talking to you like this? Telling you how amazing you are for me?” The headlights flashed twice, and he chuckled.

“You treated me so well, Tiger dear. I don’t think I’ve finished that fast in years, but...” Alastor’s slender fingers traced along the edges of a port, something for charging comms, he supposed. “...I want to make *you* feel good. How may I do that for you, my wonderful little machine? What would make you feel even half as good as I feel?”

Almost immediately, the cupholder popped out a little from where it lay between the driver and passenger seats. His hand brushed against the perimeter of the plastic circle, and the car shook once more around him.

“Is this what you want, my dear?” The headlights flashed twice once more, a clear yes. He dipped his fingers inside of the cupholder, dragging them slowly towards the bottom, and bit his lip at the whirring noises Tiger made in response.

He continued sliding his hand in and out of the cylinder, taking the time to run his nails across the grooves and lines inside. Tiger was vocal, he quickly learned. As he touched her, she made all sorts of beautiful noises, her lights flashing nearly the entire time. It was like a symphony, one he could listen to all day.

Alastor undid the top button on his pants, sliding them down to his thighs. His other hand dipped beneath his underwear and he touched himself for the first time. He was still sensitive, gasping a little as he brushed over his cock, but how could he not touch himself when she sounded so sweet for him?

“I wonder how many other drivers have put their drinks in this cup holder,” he said, tilting his head back against the headrest as both of his hands worked, one stroking Tiger and the other stroking his own cock. “Putting their coffees and teas and such inside of you... they had no idea how much you would enjoy this. No idea how much you got off on being filled up and stuffed full. You little slut.”

The TigerMoth2 trembled, and Nureyev trembled with her as he swept a finger between his folds. He was soaking wet, dripping onto the seats, and likely making a mess. His hand

spread inside of the cupholder, and Alastor saw the TigerMoth2 do something that he doubted any other driver had seen before.

She seemed to lose all control over her functions. All of her lights came on at once, flickering for a few moments before illuminating the entire car and parking garage. Then the hood popped open, obscuring her window. Tiger let out a high pitched whistle, and then the car alarm went off, beeping loudly and echoing around them. It was the most beautiful thing Alastor had ever seen, and he was enraptured by every second of it. To see a creation perceived to be mechanical and emotionless experience such pure bliss, such loss of control... it was *hot*.

At the same time, Alastor was falling over the edge again. It took him by surprise, crying out from overstimulation and pleasure. His legs snapped shut around his hand but he still kept working, rubbing desperately at his cock, his hips canting into his hand. His other hand gripped the steering wheel, squeezing so hard his knuckles turned white.

Slowly, Tiger recovered. The car alarm was the first thing to stop, the sudden silence leaving Alastor's ears ringing. Then the lights dimmed, slowly, and the hood lowered and clicked back into place.

He'd come three times already, but something about this marvel of invention made him weak in the knees, made him want more than he could take. Alastor whimpered, a pathetic and longing thing.

"Tiger," he panted. "I want you inside of me. Can you figure out a way to make that happen? My darling, genius girl?" Before he could even finish his sentence, the gearshift next to his hand shifted. Alastor smiled and kicked his pants the rest of the way down.

"You're so intelligent, so versatile..." he murmured, straddling the space between the two front seats, positioning himself over the gear shift. He didn't have any lube, which seemed like an obvious choice a few hours earlier, but now he was kicking himself. Alastor licked his hand, stroking the gear shift until his hand glided over it smoothly. His slick dripped down onto it as well, and it made him laugh breathlessly.

"You've got me so wound up," he whispered, bracing one hand on the dashboard. "How could you not? You're perfect, elegant, you're so- *ah!*" Alastor lowered himself down onto

the gear shift, crying out as it penetrated him. He whined, sinking slowly down onto her. Tiger was staying perfectly still and silent for him as he bottomed out and adjusted. The stretch was delicious, the length almost too much for him but he took it anyway. He wanted to feel good, yes, but he also wanted to make Tiger feel good. He wanted to treat her like the marvel she was.

“Oh, *fuck*, ” he gasped once she was fully inside of him. “You feel so exquisite, so perfect. *Oh.* ” Alastor started moving, slowly at first, his thighs aching with the effort as he shifted up and down on the gear shift. He felt truly *connected* to the TigerMoth2 for the first time, more so than he ever did when he was simply behind the wheel. At this moment, they were one, and it was intoxicating.

One of the Tiger’s many, many features was her hydraulic emotional support systematic technologies. Alastor didn’t find himself thinking about it often, but he suddenly remembered it as it kicked into gear just then. As he moved down, the car lifted up off of the ground to meet Alastor halfway, hitting a spot inside of him that made him see stars. He cried out, his hands scrabbling for purchase on the dashboard.

“ *Oh, do that again,* ” he pleaded, his movements becoming faster. Tiger chirped at him to let him know that she was going to do just that, and suddenly the car was bouncing up and down, meeting Alastor on each thrust upwards into him. He felt like he was drowning in the sensation, fully submerged, gasping for breath. His mouth hung open as he rode her, the only sounds in the car being his desperate moans, the creaking of the tires, and the smack of skin on metal and plastic. Alastor was so used to giving pleasure, it was absolutely heavenly to be on the receiving end.

His hips were losing the rhythm he had set as he grew closer. But it didn’t matter much, as the whole car was doing the work for him, making his entire body bounce with each thrust. All he could do was kneel as Tiger slammed the gear shift into him over and over, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. Alastor’s body grew more and more tense, his cock pulsing and his knees becoming weaker. His hand slipped down the steamy window as he, in his dazed mind, tried to grab onto it for support. It left a print in the fog where his hand was, damning evidence of their activities.

“ *I’m so close, angel, I’m- I’m-!* ” His orgasm bowled over him like a freight train (though a freight train could never compare to what the Tiger had to offer). He threw his head back and *screamed*, his entire frame quaking and spasming for the fourth time. He didn’t even think that was *possible* anymore, but here he was, lost in the euphoria of his release.

Alastor slipped off of Tiger when it all became too much, and collapsed in the passenger seat, his legs spread and his head resting against the side window. He grasped at the handle above said window, stroking his thumb across it in a reassuring gesture as the bouncing slowed to a stop. He took in these deep, heaving breaths and closed his eyes, trying to come back to earth.

“You’re absolutely incredible,” he whispered. “But I’m afraid that we have to return to the Hotel, or else our fellow workers will become very suspicious.” Tiger whistled sadly, and Alastor laughed, sitting up and retrieving his pants from where he had discarded them.

“Dear, I think if you try to make me orgasm for a fifth time, I might perish.” He glanced behind him for a moment, and noticed that, in the midst of their passion, the TigerMoth2’s trunk had popped open. He frowned.

“Hold on for just a moment, I’m going to make sure nothing fell out,” he said, making himself half-way decent before slipping out of the car (ignoring the wet mess in his pants and the way his legs felt like jelly). Alastor made his way around the back, and was relieved to see that none of the supplies had fallen out or broken. He shut the trunk of the car, then paused.

He was standing in a puddle of oil-slick. It still dripped from Tiger’s exhaust pipe, shiny and gleaming a beautiful rainbow color in the dim lights of the garage. The bottoms of his shoes were coated in it.

“When did this happen?” he purred, leaning down and circling his hand around the opening of the exhaust pipe. “You’re such a messy girl... I bet that you would love it if I cleaned you up, hm?” The TigerMoth2 jerked violently, and he smiled, straightening up. Slender fingers plucked a handkerchief from his shirt pocket and wiped the oil from his hand.

“Some other time,” Alastor said, a filthy promise. He could hardly wait, and judging from the way Tiger’s lights started flickering and flashing again, neither could she.

End Notes

I'm in love with my car
Got to feel for my automobile
Get a grip on my boy racer roll bar
Such a thrill when your radials squeal
... Told my girl I'll have to forget her
Rather buy me a new carburetor
So she made tracks
Saying this is the end now
Cars don't talk back
They're just four-wheeled friends, now

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